

Man Named John

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Summary: Mulder muses about a man named John.

Man Named John

Body **Man Named John**

Dana K. Mulder

5/28/00

Disclaimer: I'm so sick of these. They aren't mine.

Rating: G

Summary: Mulder muses about love, life, and a man named John.

Author's Note: This is for my dear friend John. He has lost a lot but is one of the happiest men that I have ever known.

** I saw him the first time that I came to the church. It was a small little Lutheran church on the outskirts of DC that held Saturday night service. He was sitting up in the first chair in the front row all alone. The only other person up there was the young acolyte who looked at him with sad eyes as if, as if she knew what it was to be alone. **

** I don't know what had possessed me to walk into the church but I

did and I sat down in the plush seats of the back row waiting for the service to begin. The organist was playing the National Anthem and My Country 'Tis of Thee for the Memorial Day weekend. The short fat pastor walked into the front of the church and began.**

** Throughout the service the man just fixed his eyes on the pastor hanging on to every word that came out of his mouth. The sharing of the peace only brought two people to shake his hand and wish him peace; the acolyte and the woman in the row behind her. The sermon talked about love and friendships and I saw the sadness in the man's eyes from the mention of the words.**

** When the service was over I meant to go over to him and introduce myself but I got sidetracked by some woman who wanted to give me her number, which I threw out on my way home. By the time I got done with her he was talking to the family of the girl who kept him company and I didn't want to bother them.**

** The next Saturday I came back and he was sitting up there. This time the acolyte was someone different; a boy that didn't look like he cared about anything but getting home and beating the next level of Army Men. Realizing this, I went up and sat in the front row, a few seats away from the man. **

** At the end of the service we talked a little bit and I found out that his name was John. He told me a little bit about his life and even chuckled when I told him my name was Fox. **

** For the next few Saturdays we'd sit up front throughout the service and at the end I'd lay my problems on him. He became a second father to me. A real father. I told him everything, from the love for my partner to the latest case we went on. He would tell me about his deceased wife, Bette, and how they never had any kids. For some reason, I trusted him enough to tell him everything about me.**

** One Saturday, just out of the blue, he made me promise that I would tell my partner my love for her no matter what the situation. He never told me why, he just made me promise, and I did.**

** The next weekend we were assigned to a small case in Chicago so I couldn't get to church. I felt bad but I knew that John would understand. That was the weekend that I decided when I was going to tell Scully.**

** I brought her with me the next weekend to introduce them to each other but he wasn't there. I thought this was payback for not showing up last weekend so I just let it pass. We sat in the front together and the pastor walked in.**

** "We'd like to keep in our prayers this week, the family of John Elberts who passed away last Saturday at Washington Memorial of heart failure."**

** I walked out of the church right then and there. Scully found me ten minutes later in the car with me head back and my eyes closed. She got in the driver's seat and let me have my time to think. She finally drove me home and before she left I remembered my promise to John that week before he died. **

** Now a small redheaded girl looks up into my eyes and smiles. She

holds on to her teddy bear and climbs onto my lap waiting for me to tell her a story. My wife sits down next to me and waits for my next move.**

** "Missy, there was once this man named John...." **

**Well that's all she wrote. Who knew that I could get that from acolyting when I'm not supposed to? :) I don't want feedback on this one, it's just something I needed to write...for John. **

End
file.